bick. like that of a drunken man. "A very

well for us that nature should occasionally show us her sharp claw. Otherwise we'd get to considering her a quite tame domestic pet, which she's not by any means. He has not lived in vain who has lived to experience this storm. And it's so exhibit experience this storm. ing, withal! It makes a man feel like a talk. He and Miriam got on splendidly toboy."
That would depend somewhat upon the of repartee with the vivacity that was be-

age and the physique of the man, "I sug-

"Ah, yes, true enough. But for me, I declare, it is like wine. Which way do you go?"

"I go east and south—to my home which is in Beekman place, if you know where is in Beekman place, if you know where thet is. But to tell you the truth, I doubt my ability to go at all. I'm pretty badly used up. I think I shall ask to be taken which proved that she must have been a tal in at one of these houses."
"As you like it. But I know where

Beekman place is; in fact I'm bound in that direction myself. I want to see how the storm looks on the river. It must be magnificent. If you please we'll march to-gether. I suspect, with aid, you'll be able to safely arrive." "You have already saved my life, sir,

and now you offer to see me home. I shall owe you a heavy debt. But I cannot consent to take you out of your way." "That's just what you won't do. I was

bound for the riverside, upon my word. Come on." And next thing I knew my robust interlocutor bad again lifted me from my feet, and was trudging off toward Second avenue, bearing me like a child in his But this, of course, was altogether too

ignominious a position for me to occupy Oh, sir, this is needless. I beg of you to put me down. Really, I can't submit to this. Let me walk at your side, and lean upon your arm, and I shall do very well." "My dear sir," he rejoined, "permit me to observe that if ever mortal man was completely tuckered out, you are. You've lost your wind, and your legs are as shaky as if you had the palsy. You couldn't get as far s the corner, to save your neck. Now so far as I'm concerned, on the contrary, l don't mind carrying you any more than I storm.'
would a baby. At the outside you don't So I
weigh more than nine stone. And what's sound that to a fellow of my dimensions? Lie

till, and I shan't know you're there. Lie till and rest, and you'll recover your reath, and be all right again."

"But, sir, the thing is too ridiculous. I still, and I shan't know you're there. Lie still and rest, and you'll recover your breath, and be all right again." can't in dignity consent to it. I beg of you sheet of paper, with one corner turned down, and my name written upon it in Josephine's I attempted to release myself, but his

arms were like bands of iron.
"There, there! Resign yourself. Don't wriggle," he said. "I shall put you down presently—when the time is ripe. And as for your dignity, I realize that you wouldn't care to have the world see us in our present relation; but console yourself with the reflection that the snow answers every pur-pose of a Fortunatus cap and renders us fully invisible. Anyhow, I take it, your dignity isn't as precious to you as your safety, your health; and I vow if you tried to foot it another hundred yards you'd pay for your temerity with a fit of sickness. Consider, also, that I am old enough to be your son. Let me play a son's part for the

nce and carry you home."
"Well, I have no right to quarrel with you," I answered. "But you place me under an obligation which I shall never be able to discharge. It will weigh as heavily upon my conscience as I now weigh upon

"Then it will cause you mighty slight annovance. To tell you the truth, this is jolly good fun for me. It's an added excitement, a most interesting adventure; and it will provide a capital chapter for the winter's tale I have to tell—But a truce to talk. Let provide a capital chapter for the winter's tale I have to tell—But a truce to talk. Let us waste no further strength in that way. You lie still-there and rest yourself, I'll devote my energies to getting on."

So for a good while we forbore speech. At last "Now, then, here's Beekman place." he announced. "What's your number?" the telephone line thereby increased. The induction current is the thing that makes the buzzing and crackling noise in the telephone and that slines fragments of the same transfer.

"Sixty-three. The fourth house from the

"Well, here you are on your own door-step. Therei" He set me upon my feet.
"I hope you may suffer no ill effects from essence of electricity that hangs about every your experience; and now, sir, good day."
"Good day, by no means," I made haste
to retort. "You must come in. You must to retort. "You must come in. You must come in. You must do me the honor of letting me offer you some refreshment. And besides, if, as you intimated, you wish to watch the play of the material and the condition of the weather, but there is always enough of it to be a nuisance on long storm upon the water, you could enjoy no better point of vantage than one of my back I opened the door with my latchkey, and weaker current of a telephone wire near it

preceded him into my study.

CHAPTER VII.

A beautiful fire was blazing in the grate.

The transition from the cold and uproar of the street to the snug, quiet and warmth of this book-lined room, was an agreeable one, I can tell you. I was pretty well rested by this book-lined room, was an agreeable one, I can tell you. I was pretty well rested by this time, and, except for the tingling in my nose, ears and fingers, lelt very little the worse for my encounter with the elements.

"Now," said I to my guests, "the tables are turned. But a moment since I was your prisoner. Now you are mine. Draw up to the fire. Throw off your overjacket and your rubber boots. I trust you are not wet through; for we are built respectively upon such different patterns, it would be futile for me to offer you dry garments from my wardrobe."

He laughed at the idea, for he was taller than I by a round eight inches. "Indeed it would," he assented. "But you need give yourself no uneasiness. I'm as dry as a Greek Praxis."

"In that case, let me supply you with a drop of moisture," I suggested, producing a drop of moisture, "I suggested, producing a drop of moisture," I suggested, producing a drop of moisture," I suggested, producing a drop of moisture, "I suggested, producing a drop of moisture," I suggested, producing a drop of moisture, "I suggested, producing a drop of moisture," I suggested, producing a drop of moisture, "I suggested a control of the main feature of the use of the use of the main feature of the two wires insulated from each other, but the induction current exists between them, in spite of the insulation, and any impulse communicated to the induction current a nay station on the line is feature of the use at the rec

"In that case, let me supply you with a drop of moisture," I suggested, producing a decanter of whisky and a couple of glasses.
"Thanks, yes, a toothful of this will do insister of us barm."

We clinked glasses and drank.
"And now that I find myself your guest, it behooves me to introduce myself," the young man volunteered. "My name is Henry Fairchild, and by trade I am a sculptor."

It is claimed that it will be possible by the use of the phonopore to double the carbon ordinary telegraph wire working singly, by simply attaching the new instrument at each end. A duplex wire can be made quadruplex in a moment by the young man volunteered. "My name is Henry Fairchild, and by trade I am a sculptor."

Henry Fairchild, and by trade I am a sculptor."

"My name is Leopold Benary, physician and surgeon. And I trust, Mr. Fairchild, that you have no urgent affairs to call you away from my bouse. I should never be easy in my mind if I permitted you to leave it before this atorm has abated; and that doesn't look like a very imminent event."

"My affairs are not urgent. In fact, when we ran across each other I was abroad for my pleasure, pure and simple, for the enjoyment of the tempest. But that is no reason why I should abuse your hospitality. If I thaw here before your fire for a half hour I shall be in perfect condition to make my way home."

"That would depend upon the distance of

my way home."
"That would depend upon the distance of your home from mine."
"My home is in my studio, and my studio is in Eleventh street, near Sixth avenue."
"So farl Very well, then I shall certain-

"So far! Very well, then I shall certainly not hear of your leaving me so long as the storm continues. It would be as much as your life is worth to attempt such a journey in such circumstances. It's a matter of two, three, will-nigh four miles. I shall count upon your spending the night here at least. And now, if you will excuse me for a few moments, I'll leave you here, while I go to change my clothes." "That's the wisest thing you could possi-bly do," he returned. "I shall amuse my-self excellently looking out of the window; but as for your kind invitation to remain

over night-

"As to that, since you have acknowledged that you have no pressing business to call you elsewhere, I will listen to no refusal."

I went upstairs, my first care being to make known my return to Josephine and Miriam, who, of course, were thereby greatly surprised and relieved. They processed they had suffered the acutest anxiety ever since I had left the house, and as they listened to the account I gave them of my adventures they paled and shuddered for terror.

The coming unromantic style reported Mr. Fairchild, the young man who came threatening the foreign floor .- Puck.

A Revolution in Dancing

bick, like that of a drunken man. "A very little more and I had been done for."

"Yes, you were in rather a nasty box," he admitted, "but all's well that ends well, and you're safe enough now. When I heard you calling I thought it was a child—your voice was so thin and faint."

"It's mighty fortunate for me that you heard me at all. I had given myself up for lost. What a storm this is!"

"Yes, glorious, isn't it? It's the grandest spectacle I've ever seen. I tell you, sir, it's well for us that nature should occasionally old man in the future." I renlied. to my rescue, is even now below stairs i

And the two women went off.

coming to their age. Josephine and I hearkened and enjoyed. Luncheon conclud-

had mastered the instrument with a facility

She played one of Liszt's Hungarian

rhapsodies, after which Fairchild himself

took possession of the keyboard, and estab-lished his claim to rank as a skillful ama-

teur by dashing off a Strauss waltz. Then

he and Miriam played a duet together-the

an ardent lover of music, no music found of dubious interest,
"I think, Mr. Fairchild," I interrupte

fatigued after the exertions of the forenoon and I am sure that I leave you in good

hands when I leave you to my sister and

"Indeed, Dr. Benary, the kindest thing

you can do for me, you and your ladies," he replied, "will be to let me feel that in no

wise do I interfere with your convenience.
Otherwise, I shall be compelled to take my

departure instantly; and I confess that by

this time I am so penetrated with the com-fort of your interior, that I should hate

mortally to renew close quarters with the

So I withdrew to my bedchamber and was

sound asleep in no time. Nor did I wake until the clang of dinner bell broke in upon

"What earthly occasion can Josephine

have for writing me a note?" I wondered.

Donning my spectacles, I read as follows:
"Whatever shall we do? I can't come
and say this to you in person, for I dare not
leave them alone together. But he has rec-

It took fully a minute for the significance of that sentence, "He has recognized

Miriam," to penetrate my understanding, still thick with the dregs of my sleep. Then

I started as if I had been stung, and rushing into the hall, I called, "Josephine! Jose-

(To be continued next Sunday.)

THE SHADOW OF ELECTRICITY.

The Essence That Hangs About Telegraph

Wires Made to Carry Messages.

phine !" at the top of my voice.

New York Sun.1

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our niece."

GENERAL SHERMAN A SOCIAL PET. "I promise to be a good, obedient little old man in the future," I replied.

A Glimpse at His Home Life and a Peep at His Pretty Daughters.

a New Avenue for Prodigality.

HOW INGERSOLL'S GIRLS ENJOY LIVING

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR. NEW YORK, May 11 .- A feminine whim which opens up a new avenue for royal prodigality is that of the theater hatpin. The hat, against which all the world has directed its vituperation, has become still more tightly riveted into the drama by the last craze for magnificent pins, which are stuck in the back hair so that the edge of the hat can catch over the head ented pianist in her earlier life). Miriam answered yes, and then Fairchild said, "Will you not be persuaded to play for us f the pin and thus be prevented from slipping backward. Within the last year these little arrangements, which were originally used as an unpretentious necessity, have beome so elaborate and conspicuous that a man's eyes are dazzled as he sits in a theater, and his attention distracted from the stage performance. No manner of wear-Tannhauser Overture; and then, abandon-ing the pinnaforte, the young people sat down near to it, and plunged into an ani-mated conversation of which music was the ing an expensive piece of jewelry has yet een found to compare with that of the begemmed hatpin. Situated as it is, squarely at the back of a woman's head, it can be topic, and which I, for one-being, though seen, if it is brilliant enough, by the greater part of an audience. It is positively aggressive and assertive in its importance, and them to say, "if you will forgive the breach of ceremony, I shall retire to my bedroom for awhile and take a nap. I feel somewhat really believe that as long as the fashion for it prevails there is no hope for the death of the high hat in the theater. If you ask a young woman now which she prefers for a present, a ring or a bracelet, she will surely reply, a hatpin.

COMBS HAVE THEIR INNING. . In addition to this ornament now growing popular, I find that combs are again ming into fashion. They began a month or so ago, and are still worn quite small and are stuck sideways through the back hair instead of up and down as in the old days. It is the favorite custom now for young women to braid their hair tightly and then wear it in a coil covering the backs of their head. Through this latitudinally is stuck the comb. At present plain gold ones are most worn by girls on the street but for dress occasions rights. he street, but for dress occasions richly gemmed ones, sparkling with all manner of precious stones, are utilized with lovely effect. These combs are growing larger all the time. They began as a sort of hairpin, with only two prongs and a mildly orna-mental head. They have already reached mental head. They have already reached the four-prong stage with elaborately wrought crowns. At the theater this week I saw a society woman with one made of the most exquisite tortoise shell, upon which was seated a crown of delicately carved gold, and in this were set diamonds in a graceful pattern of antique beauty. Worn as it was, it attracted the attention of everybody, and there was ed the attention of everybody, and there was not a girl in the house but decided to get a comb the very next day. All the jewelers' windows now display these combs more copi-ously than any other article of their stock, and it is easy enough to see that there is going to be a run on them. Nothing is pret-tier as we get them now in their smallness and concentrated elegance, but, according to the usual feminine desire to push a good thing to absurd limits, I doubt not that ere long the comb, like the late bustle, will have expanded like a peacock's tail, and between

us and the drams there will be instead of

the high hat a sort of gold fence with dia-

nds as big as hickory nuts set along the An Englishman, C. Langdon-Davis, claims to have perfected an instrument, A GREAT LADIES' MAN General William Tecumseh Sherman is kept as busy as a belle posting his social journal, acknowledging books, prints, ham-pers of game and cordials, and accepting as many of the cards of invitation as the alltoo-short days will permit. Every morning he is at breakfast by 8 o'clock, looking as the telephone and that slings fragments of fresh and sweet as a new babe straight from the bath. There are always two or three young ladies at the table, the guests of the Misses Sherman, and the butler has a trick what is passing on other wires into the midessence of electricity that hangs about every electric wire, and is affected similarly, but in a lesser degree, by everything that affects the current on the wires. Its strength varies with the intensity of the main current and the ondition of the weather, but there is to the library, seats himself in a big, prunc-leather chair and with a tooth pick between his lips, and a fierce looking miniature scimeter between his fingers, cuts his way through a mass of mail of a charwires and when delicate work is desired.

The induction from a telegraph wire is so acter to move a whole university of beaux acter to move a whole university of beaux to envy. There are letters from all parts of the country, and from all sections of the city, and "all from girls," as he confesses himself. He has a pretty habit of sending a rosebud, or a spray of migaonette, to one lady by another, and in return is repaid by a dear little letter of acknowledgment. The hotels alone keep him burdened with obligations for the institutions of the send of the sen obligations, for the invitations to lunch, dine or see a play come from transient friends and must be attended at once. Then the local demands! Chesterfield himself would have found it tedious to be punctual even with his regrets. But the dainty notes are read aloud to the little group who

ENJOY THE SMILES That play about the soldier's face, often without heeding the favors that provoke them, and when the last seal is cut one of the daughters piles the open letters on a salver and gives them to her father, who goes up to his office, where the secretary awaits him. Here the two work till

awaits him. Here the two work till luncheon time as diligently as any merchant and stenographer in New York, and in the afternoon, if there are no companies, no receptions, no teas and no matinees, the General busies himself on some reminiscences to be published later.

"Just now," he says, "the work is being shamefully neglected; but my friends importune me so that there is nothing for me to do but go. And why shouldn't I play now? Most people play first and work afterward. But I worked first, and now that the afterward has come I mean to have that the afterward has come I mean to have

At the Centennial banquet a lady, when told that Sherman often attended 15 course dinners a week, asked how he managed to

escape gastronomic suicide.

"I do not eat 15 per cent of the dinners I go to," he said. "I go to see the diners and enjoy their enjoyment, which I never could do if I was toolish enough to treat my stomach disrespectfully. You see, it has been too stanch a triend to neglect. I cat been too stanch a friend to neglect. I eat to live, and am satisfied with the simplest kind of food. Then, I take great pains to give hunger a show, and while I believe most thoroughly in the value of regular hours for meals and rest, I have learned how to go through a dining room without eating a morsel without being detected, and, above all, without hurting the taste of the hostess."

MISS SHERMAN'S WORK. During her lifetime, Mrs. Sherman kept up a most extensive correspondence with church people, discussing by letter the good and useless methods of government not only in local asylums, school cloisters and parish churches, but in remote and foreign sections of the country. She was perhaps the only American with whom Pope Pius IX. and the present Holy Father regularly corresponded, and at the time of her death the letters exchanged dealt with living topics—the Henry George movement, secular education and the spread of infidelity—anyone of which would be read with aridity had the recipient permitted them to be published. Mrs. Sherman was always a careful student of church literature, and her exchange of books, specials and reprint, made her name honorable in many of the convents and monasteries of the United States. In all this religious enthusiasm her distinguished husband took but little interest, reading nothing, not even the casual contributions of his wife to Catholic periodicals. She was constantly in receipt of During her lifetime, Mrs. Sherman kept

rare and beautiful fragments of ecclesiastical needle work, precious specimens of convent embroidery, painting or drawing and emblems, talismanic charms, souvenirs and mementos hallowed by the imposition of ceremonial hands, and valued above price by reason of association. All the collection was latt to Miss Shares whose destricts CLARA BELLE'S CHAT. A Feminine Whim Which Opens Up was left to Miss Sherman, whose devotion was left to Miss Sherman, whose devotion, while not equal to her mother's, as greater than the enthusiasm of her sisters. She has until recently given much of her time to a class of little boys in the parish church. She dresses in deep mourning, wearing such texture as the nuns have for home use. Her little bonnet is close fitting, her hair is brushed back smoothly from her face, and hidden under the clinging black nun's veil, and the severity of her tollet has led many and the severity of her toilet has led many strangers to take her for a cloistered woman

THEY LIKE SOCIETY. Miss Rachael Sherman is less severe Miss Rachael Sherman is less severe in dress, and the mischievous lights that play among the tresses of her bright, red hair, and the merriment of her smiling face, make the contrast between the daughters a matter of remark. Like their father, the Misses Sherman are very fond of society, and, while all drawing rooms and dancing affairs are "regretted," they are habitual diners out. diners out.

In the approaching ordination of their brother as a priest, which will occur next month, there is not a little discussion as to sre many friends of the family who would in no way be surprised if Miss Sherman announced her determination to lead a re-ligious life. Such a choice would gratify her brother, but what effect it might have follow the inclination of their own hearts and act in accord with the dictates of conscience, than which there is no higher tribunal in this of ours."

The religion of the daughters of Colonel

THE INGERSOLL HOME. Every Friday Mrs. Ingersoll and he daughters and sister are at home, informally to their friends. The Misses Ingersoll ofte sing and play, and there is always special talent in the drawing room, and some deli-cious little spread in the dining room. These companies are delightful, the charm being the great territory they represent, for every body who comes to New York wants to see Colonel Ingersoll's home and the Bartholdi statue of Liberty. On Sunday the entire family is at home, and then chairs are at a premium, and so many delightful groups are formed and so many brilliant points made that one is at a loss how to take it all in. There were never such Sunday evenings as these, for everybody on the carpet can do or say something just a little better than anybody else, at least the host thinks so, and that puts the guest at his case. As an index to the taste of the family the room generally reserved for company is the library—splendid apartment with lofty walls, pol ished woodwork and a view of ever gay Fith avenue. The floor is carpeted with a splendid crimson rug that warms and brightens up the room, and wherever the eye strays there is a piece of china, a water color, a pot of pink azalia, a spreading palm or a bit of marble to make what the art-loving lawyer calls a beauty spot. Every wall space is covered by a bookcase, from which the doors have been removed, and there are thousands and thousands of books between the floor and frieze, and the library table i literally stacked with folios of prints and attractive volumes of poetry and song. Many of the books are treasured as souven-irs, and on the margins are crisp, terse re-

marks showing the owner's opinion of the authors. Adjoining this DELIGHTFULLY BOOKY ROOM is the salon parlor furnished in blue, hung with splendid paintings, dotted with lamps, candelabras and bric-a-brac that illuminate and idealize, and lined with a variety of chairs, divans and low seats. One corner is given to music and here the Colonel gets his greatest enjoyment. Once a week Mrs. Ingersoll opens her basement door to the poor and needy, and the help she personally extends would put some very liberal churches to shame. In the winter kettles of soup and coffee are kept boiling kettles of soup and coffee are kept boiling the entire morning; empty bottles and cans as well as empty stomachs are filled and whatever the season, no worthy applicant is

lenied assistance.

Both daughters being of marriageable age that hackneyed of all interrogatives, is mar-riage a failure? not unfrequently comes up and with it the blushes of the pretty sisters. and with it the blushes of the pretty sisters. Apropos of elopements, the great infidel has repeatedly denied the possibility of a surprise, inasmuch as he has always had his daughters' confidence for the reason that he has tried to deserve it, and more than that, it has been the rule of his household never to admit to their society any man unworthy of their acquaintance. No one who has ever known the lovely girls will doubt the frequency of invitation to change their names, but as yet no suitor has been favorably regarded, the young ladies insisting that their father must choose for them. There is but one condition on which the consent of the unbeliever can be had, and that is a written agreement from the son-inthat is a written agreement from the son-in-law to become a member of his family. "My daughters are free to marry any men they love, but instead of losing them I insist on

His Valet-There's a gent below as would like to see you, sir. Judge Dillenback (sleepily)—Is he in? His Valet—He is, siz.
Judge Dillenback (still more sleepily)—

Rev. George Hodges Discusses, Among Other Things, the Question,

OUGHT A CHRISTIAN TO DANCE? He Concludes That Our Duty in the Matter of Amusements is

SIMPLY THE DUTY OF DISCRIMINATION

Ought a Christian to dance? Is it permissible that a church member should be seen at the card-table, or the parson at the play? People are all the time asking these questions, and other people are just as per-sistently answering them. The trouble is that the answers do not agree. Some say "yes" and some "no." Suppose we study the matter.

It is evident that in the mind of the Mas ter there was a distinction between "the the future of the Misses Sherman. It is not | world" and the evil of the world. "I pray likely that either will ever marry, and while | not that thou shouldest take them out of the Miss Rachael Sherman is not the sort of a world, but that thou shouldest keep them woman to bury herself in a numery, there from the evil." It is also evident that, in the opinion of many good people, this is a distinction without a difference. "The world" and "the evil" mean the same her brother, but what effect it might have thing. It is evident, further, that this popon the old warrior will hardly be known, as ular confusion of "the world" and "the he has always permitted his children "to evil" rests on certain historical founda-

The adjective "worldly" began to have a bad meaning as long ago as the first century of the Christian era. In those days of Robert G. Ingersoll, or their lack of it, has been variously misrepresented. Taking a clergyman's recent assertion the elder of the two desired to become a Christian, and trugle, when young and pure Christianity was fighting its good fight against old paganism, flinging stones of truth against the forehead of sim—in those a later denial, as an excuse for asking the young lady for the truth, I got from her a positive assertion that she had no inclination churchward. made no compromise, and had no speech one with the other, except such speech as David had with the Philistine.

The amusements of the people of that day were pretty much upon the side of the world. They had no time for play, those messengers of Gcd, standing with hands clenched and eyes looking straight before them, in the face of a generation dying in its sins. They had no time and no temper fee. had no time and no temper for amusement. It is significant that the Apostle Paul, journeying through countries remarkable for beautiful scenery and famous for historical associations, had no comment in all his letters upon the grandeur of sea or sky or nountain. He visits Troy without a memory of Hector or of Homer, and sees nothing in Athens but images and temples. He had something else to think about. The fact is typical of the whole Christian

SPIRIT OF THE TIME. The world managed the amusements, and as the world was a pagan world it amused itself, very naturally, in pagan ways. The amusements of the day were, in the first place, distinctly heathen. The games and shows were celebrated upon the festivals of the pagan year and in honor of the pagan gods. There was good reason why Christian young men and maidens should not dance. When the dance circled about the idolatrous image of some heathen deity, to dance was to deny the faith.

And worse still, the amusements of that

generation reflected not only the pagan religion, but the pagan morals. The theater stood for all that was unclean, and the amphitheater for all that was cruel in a wicked world. There was good reason why the Christian should not be counted among the crowd which pushed in through the gates of the arena in those strange days when gentle Roman mothers and their tender daughters clapped their soft hands at the sight of human blood, and cried "Kill!" kill" when some miserable gladiator hesitated to stab his brother or his son. Men have never forgotten that brave Christian minister, Telemachus, who came one day rnnning into the Colossum at Rome, leaped down over the barriers into the arena when the tragic play was at its fiercess, parted the blood-stained actors, pushing his way be-tween the swords, and cried indignant shame upon the audience. That was the only way in which a Christian could be present with a clean conscience at the world's amuse-

ments then. ments then.

The first thing which made the pagan world really know that there were such people as Christians in it was this attitude to-ward the popular amusements. The pagans described the Christian religion as an un-

social superstition.

Those early Christians had only one word for the wicked world and its wicked ways of amusing itself, and that was the stern word of protest and negation. The pleas-ures of the people fell, of necessity, under the ban of the church. There was no chance for discrimination, then. There was no op-portunity for distinguishing between the "world" and the "evil." Practically, they were synonomous. THE PURITANS OF ENGLAND

looked in the same stern way upon the amusements of the cavaliers. Those sober, grim, determined, righteous men, with their rivid realization of sin and penalty, with their constant consideration of the shortness and uncertainty of human life, with the fierce mouth of hell ever open close beside daughters are free to marry any men they doubters are free to them the gaiety, the lightness, the smilling faces, the ceaseless pleasures of the society about them, seemed actually wicked. To these men, thus standing face to face with the great realities of human life, with the great residue and pillows, put them through the steaming process and return in new ticking, clean and good as new. There is an old colored man in Annapolis, and, who concluded to have his bed reacy vated, but having 'hard that renovators green turning it over. On fix return be bed force turning it over. On fix returns and described it as an awal sight, was good Purian. John Ennyan thought himself bedone turning it over. On fix returns and well-night report turning it over. On fix returns and described it as an awal sight, was good Purian. John Ennyan thought himself where turning it over. On fix returns and described it as an awal sight, was good Purian. John Ennyan thought himself and found it the least of the willing green.

We find the reason for this Puritan temper in the spirit of the age. The Puritan green and who cleaned if and found in the bed. The sight paralysed the old colored man with cleaned if and found in the bed. The sight paralysed the old colored man, and we were the willing to admit the bed. The sight paralysed the old colored man, and we were the willing to admit the out that the second of the sight paralysed the old colored man will have to prove ownership, which he can be allowed the second of the society their feet—to them the gaiety, the light-ness, the bright garments, the smiling faces,

they chose such sort of amusement to emphasize was their second fault.

And so, to the Puritan, the world and the evil were the same thing. They were not to be parted. The world was evil all the way through, and all the amusements of the

world were sin. PAGAN AND PURITAN have long since passed away. Nero, the Emperor, and Charles, the King, with all their courtly and uncourtly society, with all that was good and all that was bad about them, have gone to their own placewherever that is—and our world is not their world. Civilization and Christianity have not worked in the world for nothing during the centuries which part their time from ours. The world is a good deal better world to-day than it has ever been before. To condemn the amusements of the world to-day in the wholesale and indiscriminate fashion of the Christian of either Puritan or pagan times is simply to shut our eyes and put our hand into the guiding hand of

prejudice.

There are few things which live longer than prejudice. Prejudice at the beginning means principle. It can give a reason for its being, and a good one. But by and by the time comes when prejudice is puzzled to give a rational account of itself. The old relations, the old conditions, have changed. Sometimes the objection lapses by the an

rance of wisdom into the heart of the

trance of wisdom into the heart of the objector; sometimes by reform in the matter which is contronted by objection. But the objection very often keeps straight on. Prejudice persevers. Once, the prejudice represented a principle, but at last it comes to represent nothing at all except the conservatism of the human race.

We may set it down at once that the Christian judgment about the world's amusements is almost sure to be a judgment predetermined. We made up our minds about this thing two or three hundred years. predetermined. We made up our minds about this thing two or three hundred years ago. But judgment predetermined is prejudice. And prejudice is all the time leading blind men into bogs.

Let us get this clearly in our minds. Wheever would solve the problem of the

Christian's right relation to amusements must first make allowance for prejudice. He must remember that as concerns this matter, prejudice is inevitable.

And he must remember another thing.

He must remember that amusement is necessary. It is one of the facts of our human nature that we crave amusement. We need it. The trouble with most people in this country is that they don't take amusement enough, and that when they do try to amuse themselves, they take, as one has said, even their pleasure sadly.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE are the most nervous race in the world. Nowhere else upon this planet is the strain of life so tense as it is here. And the more nervous we are, so much the more need have we for a relaxation of the tension of these strained nerves. And that is what amusement is, God has so made us that amuse-ment is heipful to us. We need more of it rather than less.

The Christian religion was never meant

to take any of the pleasure out of life. Its purpose is take the sin out-to take out, that is, all that turns pleasure into satiety and remorse and pain: but to fill our lives full of joy. Ours is the religion of the best hap-piness in the world. God is our Father, and what father is not pleased to have his children happy? "This is the day," cries the Psalmist, "which the Lord bath made." Psalmist, "which the Lord bath made."
What shall we do with such a day? Shall
we weep and lament in it? Shall we starve
our bodies and afflict our souls in it? Is that the best use for the Lord's day? The Psalmist has an answer other than that—"let us rejoice and be glad in it." This is the life which God has given us, let us rejoice and be glad in it. Let us open our eyes to all its beauty, and our ears to all its melody. Let us get all the good we can out of it; let Let us get all the good we can out of it; let us have just the best time we know how.

Accordingly, when Christ came, He came —as the prejudiced religionists of His day complained—both eating and drinking. Not as an ascetic, not as an avoider of the scenes of social joy, but as a divine man, entering, so far as the high purpose and hard work of His lile would let Him, into the pleasures of our human society. He came to teach what one has called a "Christian worldliness." He came to tell us, and to show us plainly by His own example, how we may live in the world, work in the world, and be happy in the world, and yet be good Christians. He sanctions the amusements of the world, provided only that we discriminate. He would not have us taken out of the world, only out of the evil.

The Christian's duty, then, in this matter of amusements is simply the duty of dis-crimination. George Hodges,

THE REVENGE OF TIME,

you. Jack thought it a perfect gem. Cadwallader (pere)—H'm! That was very kind of Jack. Cadwallader (fille)—Yes, wasn't it! I don't mind letting you, papa dear, see a bit of poetry he wrote about it on the flyleaf of

my prayerbook during service.

Cadwallader (pere, reading)—

"A flutter of ribbon, a fringe of lace,
A bunch of posies nodding upon it;
Two tonder eyes, a miguon face—
This is my love in her Easter bonnet." Thanks, my dear, I appreciate your confidence and Jack's rhyme. I will not forget.

ONE YEAR LATER. Jack-Eleanor, isn't \$40 a big price for a spring bonnet?

spring bonnet?

Eleanor—Oh, no, not specially; it was my Easter bonnet, you know.

Jack—Ah! I was not aware that milliners had Easter offerings, too.

Eleanor (pouting)—You know very well they do not. I meant that the bonnet was of superior design and elegance. Papa met me on the avenue and said I had never looked prettier. Oh, and he sent a message to you, too!

Jack—What was that?

Eleanor—He bade me be sure to tell you

Eleanor—He bade me be sure to tell you that my bonnet was very becoming, and that if you intended to write an ode to it as usual, this year, he would suggest that you weite in blank verse and affix your autograph.

Jack (reddening a little)—Your papa,
Eleanor, is a very funny old gentleman!

A Name for the Nervous Apprehensian of High Places.

ACROPHOBIA.



Mrs. Cunniff (the washwoman)-Av Oi'm ot mistaken, Fourteent' shtreet's th' nixt!



The Guard-E'teent' str-i-Puck.

SPEARING BUFFALOES

Capturing Crawfishes and Trapping the Wily Water Snake

AT NIGHT ON THE MIAMI CANAL

The Bank Keeper Works Day and Night Fighting Wild Water Life

WITH NET, TRAP, GUN AND SPADE

CINCINNATI, May 11, 1889. - "Wall, what's up now, Frank?" Frank had suddenly called to me to stop

seated nose on to the bank among a high

growth of sweet clover which hung over and

made a shadow in the moonlight, effectually screening us from view. Then he pointed to the opposite bank of the canal, where the water widened into a natural lake. A flame steel, toothed-jawed instruments, size No. 1, of unmistakable fire was moving alowly over with a few feet of iron chain attached, and the surface of the water. When it shifted its position and went nearer the shore, we saw that it was in the bow of a flat-boat, and that the single figure in the boat moved his paddle with great cau-tion, slipping it into the water gently, and without noise. After skirting the shore soon form a crevasse through which the of the little lake for a few boat lengths he drew in the paddle, and like the lunge of a steel bow his right arm shot out and sent a spear hissing into the water. When he drew the spear partly back by means of a cord fastened to the shaft, we saw that he had struck a fish, and that the spear had apparently passed through it. It was a large one, and for five minutes the water about the boat was broken into foam and ipples which showed silver in the combined light from the moon and the flashpan.

Then the fish gave up the struggle, and, leaning over the side of the boat in a manner that would have capsized a crankier craft the man put both hands into the water, and with an effort apparent at our station lifted his prize aboard. It was between three and four feet long, white and gitter-

ing like silver.

"A buffalo, and 40-pounder, too," whispered Frank. pered Frank.

"Say it again."

"I say the bank-keeper over there has harpooned a buffalo fish, and a big one."

"Ah! Now that you have explained that the buffalo is a fish, kindly tell me what is

bank-keeper?" AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE. "You know what a railroad track-walker. Well, a canal bank-keeper performs is. Well, a canal bank-keeper performs the same functions for a canal company that the track-walker does for a railroad—that is, he keeps down the shrubbery and weeds on the banks; he fills up little crevices which would in time become leaks, and in the spring especially he works day and night in exterminating the bank-keeper's greatest enemies, muskrats and crawfishes."

"In what way do they injure him? How does he capture them? And is the spearing of buffalo fish a part of his regular duty?"

"Let's ask him."

"Let's ask him."

lage of Clifton. From these b much of the ice which forms Cincinnati's summer supply, and, whenever the canal is drained, its aquatic life finds shelter in the basins' depths. Old and knowing caffish here have their permanent home, and the place is so isolated and quiet that it swarms with turtles big enough to pull under and drown full-grown ducks, and incredible numbers of buffaloes, a light-colored fish, with large scales, a projecting sucker credible numbers of buffaloes, a light-colored fish, with large scales, a projecting sucker mouth, high dorsal fins running almost back to the tail, and a body bunched about the shoulders, much like the hump of a bison or buffalo; this conformation giving the fish its common name. Like the catfish, it is found in the Ohio river and its tributaries, often reaches a weight of from 80 to 100 pounds, and its flesh is in sufficient demand for food as to be sold in the markets. The banks of the basins slope gradually, and birds of all colors, size and voice people the trees and shrubbery which in some points come down to the water's edge.

to the water's edge.

The bank-keeper smiled sheepishly when asked if spearing buffaloes was a part of his regular business.

AGAINST THE LAWS.

"Well, no, gants; it is not—not by no means," he said, "and I hope you gents wont give the snap away; because fire fishing at night is against the laws, and I would not like to get into trouble just for one fish. You see it was this way—I came out tonight to set my snake and muskrat traps, and while I was netting a couple of frogs for bait, my light attracted the fish and as they are good eating—why, I stabbed one; that's all. The basin is alive with them in spring, as they come in here to spawn, and that seem to be lazy and like to float near

He took up a little Flobert rifle from the bottom of the bont, put it to his shoulder, with the muzzle pointing toward a clump of burdocks growing on the edge of the basin in the line of the light cast by the torch. There came a sudden metallic click as the bullet went on its errand, and then a three-foot water snake threw itself out of the hole in which it had been hiding when espied by the man's trained eye, and writhed on the grass in plain view.

"I really don't know whether the snakes hurt the canal banks or not," he continued. Bright's speech, and at the conclusion Mr. Bright thanked him for his very able sermon. As he always did. The clergyman took for his theme Mr. Bright's speech, and at the conclusion Mr. Bright thanked him for his very able sermon. As he was going home to dinner a friend of the clergyman met him and said: 'You have been preaching under distinguished patronage this morning, then.'

"'No,' said the clergyman.

"Oh, yes, you have,' said the friend.

"On had John Bright among the congregation. You must have noticed him in the front in the middle pew. I know him perfectly well, and I assure you it was Mr.

"I really don't know whether the snakes hurt the canal banks or not," he continued, opening the gun's breech and pushing in a fresh cartridge, "but I don't like them, and next to a muskrat I would rather kill a called him a rascal and excerated him in all the moods and tenses, and he never said a He kept perfectly calm and cool. I snake than any other thing that swims.

They are death to young fish, and it is a part of our policy to protect fishes all we can; that is—of course—"

He looked with some confusion at the big buffalo lying dead in the bottom of the boat are recomment to his real in the recommendation.

THE GIRL WHO PITIES YOU.

nument to his zeal in the pro of the finny tribe-and then while he threw a tarpaulin over it we gave him the quiet langh.
"But, as I was saying, snakes are death to

a tarpanlin over it we gave him the quiet langh.

"But, as I was saying, anakes are death to young fish. They swim near a school of them in the water, suddenly make a grab for the nearest, and then with it crosswise in his jaws, Mr. Snake rises to the top of the water and swims ashore, where he bolts it. If you will remember the fact, and keep a close lookout the next time you are near a pond or stream infested by snakes, you may see a snake's head rising half an inch above the water with a little fish tight in his jaws, carried exactly as a dog carries a stick which he is bringing ashore.

WHEREIN SNAKE AND TUETLE DIFFER.

"In this respect the snake differs from the water turtle. A turtle eatches fish in much the same way as a snake does, excepting that instead of awimming around after his prey the turtle lies flat on the bottom of the pond or river until he is so covered with mud and sticks as to be hard for a fish to see. Then when the nanwary fish awims too close, the turtle's head shoots out and catches him. But instead of taking his tidbit ashore, to swallow whole, as the snake does, the curtle carries it down, and, holding it fronly by the weight of his shell, he tears the fish to pleces with his sharp beak.

"How do I know? I have seen it done, here in this basin. About 4 o'clock one moorning last June, before the sun had come up over the hill, an old davek came down to the water to give her seven little ones a bath. They had not got out ten feet from shore, when one of the little ones gave acty and went under. It did not come up again, and I paddled ever to see what was the mat-

ter, and there on the bottom of the basin, ter, and there on the bottom of the basin, which I could see through the clear water as plainly as through so much air, a big turtle had the duck partly under it and was trying to tear it with his beak. But the little bird was game—it takes some time to drown a duck, you know—and struggled so that the big brute could not get a good hold on it. I got immediately over them and reached my oar down with the intention of cracking his skull for him, but he was too quick for me, and swam away, letting the little duck come to the top of the water. It little duck come to the top of the water. It made a bee line for the top of the bank and after scrambling out dropped on to the grass, where it lay crying and panting for a little while, but the next day it was swim-"At first I thought it might be a muskrat that had pulled it under: they do that sometimes, and so do bullfrogs, yes, sir; bullfrogs. There has been many and many a little duck death. little duck drowned and eaten by builfrogs when the people who owned it have put its loss down to the account of dogs or misowing, and with a quick sweep of the rudder he sent the little skiff in which we were

chievous boys.
"But all this ain't business. I have two muskrat traps and a snake trap to set yet; f you want to go along and see how it is lone, jump in."

THE TRAPS SET. The muskrat traps were the common

after pulling to a clump of pawpaw bushes which hung over the water, the bankkeeper proceeded to set the first one. A muskrat hole led into the bank a little under the surface of the water, and it was easy for most careless eye to see that such a hole in an unprotected berme bank of a canal would canal would empty itself in time, if left to its natural course. After making the chain fast to the pawpaws the trap was set, without bait, in the mouth of the hole, in a way that in coming into his domicile the rat must necessarily step upon the plate which springs the trap and be caught by the leg. A frog formed the bait for the snake trap, which was a common rat trap of the variety with a funnel-shaped entrance of converging wires. It was fastened among the long grasses on the edge of the water, and a prowling snake would have no difficulty in making its entrance far enough into the trap to caten the irog; but when the reptile at-tempted to back out, it would find that the wires would close around it. A flat board laid upon the grass near the water is a much simpler device to serve the same purpose. With the instinct of all wild creatures to

hide themselves, the snakes seek the boards for shelter, which prove in these cases treach-erous houses of retuge, as it is only neces-sary to turn the plank over to discover the sary to turn the plank over to discover the looked-for reptile.

"But there is no use talking," the bank keeper remarked, as he lighted his pipe and sat back in the stern, while the boat drifted with the wind, "there is no use talking, crawfishes give me more work than anything else—hard work with the spade, filling on the saves which have occurred on the ing up the caves which have occurred on the towpath when the ground beneath is honey-combed with their holes. The muskrat hardly ever burrows under the towpath; he keeps himself to the quieter berme bank, and I generally know where to look for him; but the crawfish is everywhere. The lead mule ahead of the Mary Jane, that went down vesterday morning broke through to his

yesterday morning, broke through to his knees in a place that looked as solid as the hills; but when I came to dig there and fill When a Man Can Appreciate a Ferty Dellar Spring Bennet.

Cadwallader (pere)—How's this, Eleanor, a \$40-bill rendered from Fuss & Feathers?
Cadwallader (fille)—Oh, yes, papa, dear, that is for my Easter bonnet, you know; it was lovely, too.

Cadwallader (pere, grimly)—It ought to have been.

Cadwallader (fille)—It was, I can assure

Cadwallader (fille)—It was, I can assure in, I found that the bank was riddled with holes, and it took two cart loads of gravel to

A SURPRISED CLERGYMAN. He Called John Bright a Ruscal and Then Asked Him to Church.

The tollowing incident is related on the authority of W. L. Bright, M. P. "Mer Bright went into an agricultural district one day, and he had to walk from the station a long way into the village. On the way a clergy man who was driving in a dogcart came up to him, and the two men passed the time of day. The clergyman offered to drive Mr. Bright into the village, and Mr. Bright accepted the offer. The elergyman was a Tory, and had been reading a speech Mr. Bright had made the previous night, and turning to Mr. Bright he said: "Have you seen the papers to-day,

"'Yes,' said Mr. Bright, What's in " "Why, that rascal John Bright has been making another speech.'

they seem to be in a part of the top of the water at this season, and it is curious how a light will attract them, and in fact almost everything that swims in water. Hist! Look there, directly forward—keep perfectly still, please, for one second."

He took up a little Flobert rifle from the bottom of the boat, put it to his shoulder, with the muzzle pointing toward a clump of burdocks growing on the edge of the basin in the line of the light cast by the basin in the line of the light cast by the basin in the line of the light cast by the light cast by the basin in the line of the light cast by the light cast by the last of the light cast like shooting him.

"Neither revealed his identity, but before they separated the clergyman invited Mr. Bright to go to his church next morning, and Mr. Bright promised to go. And he keep his word, as he always did. The clergyman took for his theme Mr. Bright's speech, and at the conclusion Mr. like shooting him.'
"Neither revealed his identity, but before

THE GIRL WHO PITIES YOU.

Women Who Wnate Sympathy and Comfort Pretending Sufferers. Nashville American.